4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

789 372 good luck to us and to our flocks!" Before the family sit down to supper a small quantity of food from every dish on the table is placed upon the burning log. Some branches of a cherry tree are also put on the fire, and, when partially burnt, are taken off again and kept.

857 533 Soon after midnight, the boys, in companies of from ten to fifteen, go singing from house to house, and receive, in reward for their carols, a ring-cake from each housewife.

527 789 787 [372] On the Eve of St. Basil (January 1) the fire is also kept burning all night, and the half-burnt cherry branches are again thrown on and withdrawn, to be wholly consumed on the Eve of the Epiphany, when the ashes are collected and strewn in the vineyard. The fire of St. Basil's Eve is often watched by an expectant mother, who thus hopes to ensure an easy confinement. In the morning people wash themselves and their children with "unspoken-over" water, and draw omens from the character, gay or sad, of the person who first enters the house. A cock is also sacrificed, for it is auspicious to spill blood in the house on St. Basil's Day.

789 [787] On the Eve of Epiphany the fire is also kept alight all night, and in the morning the character of the coming seasons is prophesied from the set of the wind. If a south wind blows, it indicates a full harvest and sickness; if the wind is from the east, a scanty harvest and a healthy year are predicted; if from the north, a late spring. The Christians, on the Feast of Epiphany, sprinkle their vineyards with holy water, in the hope of ensuring a plentiful crop of

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

538 776 which, by Easter Eve, have become very thin. On the morning of Easter Sunday, however, the Saviour arrives with a new chain with which He again secures Satan to the rock.

A graceful little myth is related in some parts of Albania concerning the origin of the Cuckoo and the *Gyon*, or *Gyonit*, which is, I believe, a species of small owl. 539 The story goes that the cuckoo and the gyon were brother and sister, and had a brother named Gyon, who had been killed. Various causes are assigned for his death in the different versions of the story, that current among the Ritza tribe being that he was accidentally stabbed by his brother with a pair of scissors. In order the better to mourn his loss, the surviving brother was changed into the bird gyon, and the sister into a cuckoo. And so the gyon calls his brother all night long by his name, "*Gyon, Gyon!*" and the cuckoo in the daytime sings, "*Kou! Kou!*" which means, "Where art thou?"[1] In Elbassan, however, it is also said that the sister was changed into the blue flower, which is called the "cuckoo flower," or "cuckoo's bread," and when a woman finds this flower in the field she sings:

Cuckoo, cuckoo, more than cuckoo,
Saw'st thou me?
Saw I thee?
Saw'st thou thy dear brother, Gyon?
How they slew him like an ox?
Blood a spoonful,
Flesh a cupful;
Give me both thine hands!

[524 857] [1] It has occurred to me that the call of "Cuckoo," used by children both in the East and in the West when playing hide-and-seek, may have its origin in some such bird legend.

6: Lane T-3 (no date) 1923 EGl Albania EGl

before the Serbs were coming back to their tribes and telling about the American school in Scutari, so that all the people wanted their children to learn to read and write. The chiefs themselves, hearing that there was a Tirana government, and not being able to write or read letters about it, or to learn from newspapers (oh, simple-minded, mediæval people!) the truth about European politics, saw what education meant.

The people had taken rocks from the mountains and made the schoolhouse. They had cut precious trees and made the benches and the desks. They had made a slate of a slab of the native rock, set in a rough wooden frame; they wrote upon it with softer rocks. From Italy, across the Adriatic to Durazzo, up to Tirana, to Scutari, and into the mountains—a two weeks' journey by donkey and river ferry—the bishop had got three copy books and a bottle of ink. Pens had been made from twigs. The priest had one book printed in Albanian.

Since the boys must herd the flocks in the mountains, they could not spend the day in school. There is so little land that the goats and sheep are fed from trees. The shepherd climbs a tree, carefully cuts the tender branches, and throws them down to the nibbling beasts that eat the young buds and strip off the juicy bark. There is no tree in all the mountains that the shepherds have not climbed; not a tree that is not a branchless, gnarled trunk.

So the school was open from six to nine in the

PEAKS OF SHALA

871 The boy who got the cake of soap walked every morning nine miles over the mountains to [857] reach school at seven o'clock, and at nine, after school, he walked back and took out the goats and spent all day climbing trees and cutting twigs for them to eat.

Padre Marjan said that as soon as he knew the Americans would build the school he had started teaching, and he had written to the government in Tirana and asked if it would help. He brought from the desk the letter he had received in reply. Written by hand, for the poverty-stricken young government had no typewriters, and sent by messenger into the mountains, in six weeks it had reached Thethis, and the padre kept it wrapped in a bit of hand-woven silk. Frances spelled it out; it said that the government would give a hundred kronen a month to pay the teacher. It was signed for the Minister of the Interior by Rrok Perolli.

ooo "My sainted grandmother!" cried Frances. "Where is Perolli?" At that very minute the chiefs might be sending word to the Serbs to come and get him. The chiefs themselves would surely not violate the hospitality of their priest, but the Serbs would have no reverence for it and they were only a few miles away. When we thought what a bargain the chiefs might drive with the Serbs for Perolli it seemed too much to hope that one of them, at least, would not hand him over.

Padre Marjan spoke warmly of Perolli, whom he had so innocently betrayed; he said that he

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGI Albania EGI

593 and moil the whole blessed day', she ended, sadly rather than
562 bitterly.

462 Toil and moil she did. The daily duties of every peasant woman
512 in her position included fetching firewood from the forest and water from the river or spring, besides cooking, washing and baking for the household. At certain seasons she must also do farm work, so long as she retained a measure of youth. Her husband did heavy work like ploughing, scything hay, or cutting oak leaves for winter fodder. But she must carry the manure from the stable to the fields in spring, help her husband to sow and earth up the maize and, while he stayed indoors, reap it. She must carry home the hay and fodder and feed them to the animals. If grain was trodden out by horses or oxen, her husband drove them; if threshed with flails, she wielded them. If there was no miller, she conveyed the grist to the mill, ground it, and brought back the flour. Only if there were a miller did these tasks devolve on her husband, and then it was only in order to keep her virtue above suspicion. In poor families she was herself the beast of burden, and when young was expected to carry up to seventy pounds. In richer families she had a horse or donkey to do the actual carrying, unless her home was under snow in winter. Then she must brave the snow that confined the animal to its stable and bring in supplies of firewood and water, fodder and flour. Paucity of workers prevented her husband from having more than a couple of milch-goats or ewes, and these were tethered; it was she who tethered, watered and milked them. It was she, too, who turned their milk into curds (*kos*) or butter and cheese, arduous tasks in summer when milk sours easily. She also saw to the poultry and in her spare time knitted or span.

● 857 Fortunately for the women, there was almost no peasant house-
570 hold in which a young husband and wife were the only workers.
512 The eldest child, boy or girl, began at seven or eight years of age to herd the goats as they roamed in search of food and saw to them morning and evening. This gave the mother some relief and provided the family with more food and, by the sale of the goats
516 themselves or the kids, more money. When very small, the girl
462 must spin or knit as she herded; when in her teens, she must sew
512 her trousseau; but no extra tasks were expected of boy herds. Since, too, a man's mother and sisters never lost their legal right to share his home, a family might include the husband's mother and even

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania E61

To the Land of the Eagle

361 shop-keepers, and children. The children have an ideal
857 existence—from the child's point of view. Down the centre of every street runs a little trickling stream of water in which they can play and mess about to their hearts' content, and there are no nurses to reprove them for making themselves wet or scold them for dirtying their clothes.

856 In Podgradetz, as elsewhere in Albania, the children are often quite pretty. Their good looks, however, seldom last to maturity—at least the good looks of the girls, who deteriorate so rapidly in appearance after about the age of sixteen that they seem to skip a whole period and become old women immediately.

000 While I was in Podgradetz I made the acquaintance of the schoolmaster and the doctor. The schoolmaster invited me into the school where he was giving the third and fourth classes—girls—an arithmetic lesson. Without any trace of shyness the children came out from the class one by one and did sums on the blackboard. They seemed bright and intelligent, and I was not surprised when the teacher told me that he had found the girls more intelligent and quicker than the boys.

The doctor, who also ran the chemist's shop, as is customary in these parts, was a cheery little man bursting with local patriotism. To use an Americanism, " he boosted his home town some ". He praised the water, the air, the scenery. He took me up a hill in rear of the town and showed me the view. " Is there anywhere in the world a finer prospect than this ? " he demanded. The local wine,